

The McArthur Democrat.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL.—Thos. Jefferson.

VOL. 8.

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The McArthur Democrat.

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Miscellaneous.

Illustration of Law.

A good story was told in our city
lately, which serves to illustrate that
"possession is nine points of law."
A. is a rather sharp lawyer, and re-
sides next door to B. The houses A.
and B. occupy are similar in appear-
ance, and as they adjoin, are easily
mistaken for a comparative stranger.
B., being out of coal, walks to the coal
market, purchases a load for \$3 30,
and sends it home. The man of whom
he purchased mistakes the residence of
A. for that of B., and dumps the coal
in A.'s yard. The lawyer's man sees
the coal in the yard, and gets a wheel-
barrow and shovel and puts it into the
cellar. B. is in a "peck of trouble"
that his coal does not come, and goes
out to find the man from whom he
had bought it.

"See, here, my good friend, I bought
a load of coal of you, and you have
not delivered it," says he, as soon as
he has found the collier.

"You bought the load and paid for
it, and I delivered it," said the coal
dealer.

Here the thought struck B. that he
saw coal in his neighbor's (the law-
yer's) yard, and immediately divined
the mystery. He starts for the law-
yer's office, and finding him, accosted
him thus:

"Mr. A., suppose you should buy a
load of coal, and the man should put
it in the wrong yard, what would you
require of the gentleman who appropri-
ated the coal?"

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "I
should either make him return the
coal, or pay the amount I paid for the
load."

"Very well," said Mr. B., "just
give me \$3 30."

The lawyer gently drew thirty cents
from his pocket and handed it to B.

"What does this mean, Mr. A.—
You owe me \$3 more," said the aston-
ished B.

"Not at all," said the lawyer, "I
charge \$3 for my advice."

Going North.

On Sunday night last, says the
Lynchburg Republican, a crowd of
not less than one thousand negroes as-
sembled on the basin to take leave of
the negroes belonging to the estate of
the late Mrs. Frances B. Shackelford,
of Amherst County, who, in accord-
ance with the will of the deceased,
were about to depart by way of the
canal for a free State. The whole
number set free was forty-four, men;
women and children, but only thirty-
seven left, the balance preferring to
remain in servitude in Old Virginia,
rather than enjoy their freedom else-
where. Some of them who did leave
were put on the boat by main force,
so much opposed were they to leaving,
and many expressed their determina-
tion of returning to Virginia as soon
as an opportunity offered.

To this the *Wheeling Argus* of the
17th adds:

Mr. Lewis arrived in this city yester-
day morning with his charge.—
Many of the negroes were this morn-
ing anxious to return to their old home,
and pleaded with Mr. Lewis to pay
them their share of the funds, in or-
der to enable them to pay their way
back. This he could not do under
the provisions of the will, but he told
them as soon as he got them into Ohio
he would do so, and they could act in
accordance with their own pleasure.

"We are much deceived when
we fancy we can do without the
world, and still more so, when we
presume that the world cannot do
without us."

A Game Dinner.

We heard an amusing story the other
day of a novel feast, that we do not
recollect ever to have seen in print. It
is to good too to be lost; and although it
may certainly lose in our telling, we
may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great
Britain, an aristocratic English gen-
tleman built a fine residence in the
vicinity of Fort George, on the Nia-
gara frontier—and, in accordance with
the old country idea of exclusiveness,
he inclosed his ground with a high,
tight fence. Here he lived like an
old English gentleman—one of the
olden time—with the exception that
none but the *elite* of the Province and
the officers of the neighboring garri-
sons were permitted to pass his gate.
There was a very good understanding
between the American officers at Fort
Niagara and the British at Fort
George, and the men were permitted
occasionally to visit back and forth.
Among the American soldiers was a
queer chap, who stuttered terribly,
was very loud of hunting, and who
was always getting into some sort of
mischief.

One day this chap took the small
boat that lay moored at the foot of the
wails of the fort, and crossed over to
the Canadian shore for a hunt. He
wandered over several miles in the
rear of Fort George, without meeting
any game, and on his returning see-
ing a crow on a tree within the inclo-
sure of the aristocratic Englishman, he
scaled the high fence, fired and brot
down his game. Colonel, or what-
ever his title may have been—we will
call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed
the transaction, and advanced while
our soldier was reloading. He was
very angry, but seeing the Yankee
standing coolly with a loaded gun in
his hand, he gulped down his passion
for the moment, and merely asked
him if he killed the crow. The soldier
replied he did. "I am sorry," said
the Colonel, "for he was a pet.—
By-the-by, that is a very pretty gun
—will you be so kind as to let me
look at it?" The soldier complied
with the request. The Englishman
took the gun, stepped back a few paces,
took deliberate aim, and then
broke forth in a tirade of abuse, con-
cluding with an order to stoop down
and take a bite of the crow or he would
blow his brains out. The soldier ex-
plained, apologized and retreated.—
But it was no use.

There was shoot in the English-
man's eye—there was no help for it—
and the stuttering soldier stooped and
took a bite of the crow, and swallow it
he could not. Up came his breakfast
—his dinner the day before—and it
really appeared as if he would throw
up his toes. The Englishman
glanced on the misery of his victim,
and smiled complacently at every ad-
ditional heave. When he got thro'
vomiting, and had wiped his eyes, the
Colonel handed him his gun, with the
remark: "Now, you rascal, that will
teach you how to poach on a gentle-
man's inclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and
the Colonel might have seen the
devil in his eye if he had looked close.
Stepping back, he took deliberate aim
at the heart of his host, and ordered
him instantly to finish the crow.—
Angry expostulations, prayers and en-
treaties were useless things. There
was shoot in the American's eye then,
as there had been in the English eye
before. There was no help at hand,
and he took a bite of the crow. One
bite was enough to send all the good
dinners he had eaten lately on the
same journey with the garrison fare
of the soldier, and while the English-
man was in agony of sickness, Jonathan
escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early, the Com-
mandant of Fort Niagara was sitting
in his quarters, when Col. — was
announced. "Sir," said Col. —,
"I come to demand the punishment
of one of your men; who yesterday
entered my premises and committed a
great outrage."

"We have 300 men here, and it
would be difficult for me to know who
you mean," said the American officer.
The Englishman described him as a
long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-
shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said
the officer; "he is always getting into
mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few minutes Tom entered, and
stood as straight as his natural build
would allow, while no trace of emu-
tion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you
know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye, sir."

"Where did you ever see him be-
fore?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully,
but retaining the grave expression
natural to his face; "I did dine with
him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.
—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The Effects of Smoking.

The remarkable research made by
M. Bouisson upon the danger of
smoking has attracted the notice of
the Academy, and has been awarded
with high praise. The horrors hith-
erto unknown, or unacknowledged,
with which smokers are threatened,
may now, convicted by M. Bouisson,
be sufficient, upon bare articulation,
to ruin the revenue and the pipe-makers
also. Cancer in the mouth M.
Bouisson declares to have grown so
frequent from the use of tobacco that
it now forms one of the most dread-
ful diseases in the hospitals, and at Mont-
pelier, where M. Bouisson resides, the
operation of its extraction forms the
principal practice of the surgeons
there. In a short period of time, from
1845 to 1850, M. Bouisson himself
performed sixty-eight operations for
cancer in the lips at the Hospital St.
Eloi. The writers on cancer previous
to our day mention the rare occurrence
of the disease in the lips, and it has,
therefore, become evident that it must
have increased of late years in propor-
tion with the smoking of tobacco.

M. Bouisson proves this fact by the
relative increase in the French duties
on tobacco, which, in 1812, brought
an annual amount of twenty-five mil-
lions, and now give a revenue of one
hundred and thirty millions; almost
that attained by the duties on wines
and spirits, and far beyond that ren-
dered by those on sugar. M. Bouis-
son remarks, justly or not, that this
figure, extravagant as it may appear,
fades into insignificance before that
attained by the British tax, which ac-
cording to Dr. Seymour, amounts to a
fabulous sum, in a country where boys
smoke from five o'clock in the after-
noon till three o'clock in the morning
and where children are known to con-
sume as many as forty cigars in a
day.

The use of tobacco rarely, however,
produces lip-cancer in youth. Al-
most all of Bouisson's patients had
passed the age of forty. In individ-
uals of the humbler classes who smoke
short pipes and tobacco of inferior
quality, the disease is more frequent
than with the rich who smoke cigars
or long pipes. It becomes evident,
therefore, that it is owing more to the
constant application of heat to the lips
than to the inhaling of the nicotine,
that the disease is generated.

With the Orientals who are careful
to maintain the coolness of the mouth-
piece by the transmission of the smoke
through perfumed water, the disease is
unknown. M. Bouisson, whose
earnestness in the cause does him the
utmost credit, advises a general cru-
ade to be preached by the doctors of
every country against the immode-
rate use of tobacco, as being the only
means of exterminating the habit; be-
cause, although the most powerful
sovereigns have been powerless to pre-
vent it—although Sultan Amurath
threatened in vain to cut off the noses
of those who smoked, and Peter the
Great vowed direct vengeance against
all smokers, and even the thunders of
the Vatican have been hurled against
them in vain, there is one thing which
mankind holds in more horror than a
noseless face, or even an excommunicated
soul—and that is untimely death.
Let young men be once impressed
with this truth, and the "Art of Smok-
ing," which one of our best authors
has lately extolled as the finest of all
the fine arts, will soon be set aside
and forgotten.—*London Paper.*

Extravagance.

Here is Lady No. 1, with ten acres
of wheat gracefully thrown around her
person—twelve bushels to the acre.—
Ten times twelve are one hundred and
twenty, at eighty cents per bushel—
120x80—\$96.

Lady No. 2, toddlers under four tons
of hay at seven dollars and a half per
ton; 4x750—\$300. Stands erect, as
stiffly as I see a Norwegian woman
every day with a load of kindling
wood on their heads.

Lady No. 3 sweeps the path and the
circumjacent dog fennel with a train
in which is exhibited one yoke of steers,
at \$35—\$70.

Lady No. 4 is enrobed in twenty
acres of corn, forty bushels to the acre,
worth thirty cents per bushel—80x20
—\$240.

Lady No. 5 has a mule colt suspen-
ded from each ear, at \$15—\$30.

Gentleman No. 1 wears in his fob a
pair of matched bays, \$300.

Gentleman No. 2 stals his shirt bo-
som with three hogheads of tobacco,
and is oiled and perfumed with six
bushels of onions.

Gentleman No. 3 gets fuddled on 1
cwt. of hemp, begins dinner with des-
ert and eats up to fish.

Gentleman No. 4 flourishes a cno,
and busies himself from morning un-
til night, from night until morning
bagging a splendid crop of wheat—in
the pockets of a billiard table.

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson

The North Carolina *Christian Ad-
vocate*, published at Raleigh, in its
issue of the 21st ult., gives the follow-
ing anecdote of Gen. Jackson, in il-
lustration of his extraordinary knowl-
edge of human nature:

"He is no JUDGE OF PREACHING."
Here is a characteristic anecdote of
Gen. Jackson not before published,
and conveying a useful hint to critics
upon sermons. It was given to Gov.
Ellis by President Buchanan during
his recent visit to North Carolina, and
was repeated by Gov. Ellis in an address to
the students of Trinity College at the late
commencement:

"When President Jackson appoint-
ed Mr. Buchanan minister to Russia,
the friends of a certain gentleman so-
lited for him an appointment as sec-
retary of legation. Although the
qualifications of the gentleman were
unquestionable, and his friends nu-
merous and influential, Gen. Jackson
perpetually refused to give him the
appointment. And he explained this
refusal to Mr. Buchanan by saying,
"He is no judge of preaching."
"How is that?" asked Mr. Buchanan.
"Why," said Jackson, "I attended
the Methodist Church a Sunday or
two ago, and heard a most able and
eloquent sermon delivered by Dr.
Durbin."

"It was the logic of the Gospel, set
on fire by the fervid zeal of devotion
to Christ. The effect was very great
upon the congregation. All were awed
into silence and reverence, and I felt
as though I stood before the awful
majesty of the eternal God. As I
passed from the church, this gentle-
man joined me and broke upon the
solemn feelings the sermon had in-
spired, by saying: 'The preacher has
given us a poor sermon; nothing new
in it, only a mere declamation.' Sir,
added the old General, 'that man is
not fit for office, he is not to be trusted,
because he is no judge of preaching.'"

"And Gen. Jackson did not ap-
point him to the legation to Russia.
How he was able to infer disqualifica-
tion for the office, from want of just
views of a sermon, the President did
not explain. But the future history
of the man proved the instinctive fore-
sight of Jackson into character. Upon
Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia,
he called upon the President with his
first words, after the salutation, were
"I told you that man was not to be
trusted, because he was no judge of
preaching, and sure enough he has
been unfaithful to the trust reposed in
him." And so it was, the gentleman
had become guilty of a breach of all
the principles which are dear to a
man of honor and integrity.

"This incident gives us an interest-
ing glimpse of the peculiar character
of Gen. Jackson, and is quite sugges-
tive to persons who make or hear criti-
cisms or sermons."

Philosophy in the Wet.

U. R. Darned says he overheard the
following "rain-fence soliloquy" the
other evening during the rain, from an
individual who seemed "tightly
slight":

"Singler a feller can't go out to hev
a little recreation 'bout it most rain;
just as if it hadn't rained ever since
New Year's Day, last August.—
Well, let 'er rain, I don't keer—I'm
havin' a extra hollerday—I mean to
have a extra hollerday (hie) hollerday
every day this year—'cept Sundays—
them days—them meetin' days—I
shan't keer—I'll get drunk all them
days. Lem me see—I'll hev two hun-
dred Fourth of Julys, and a hundred
and forty New Years, and about two
hundred and ten Christmases.—
Thanksgivin's—yes, I'll hev them
twice a week all the time, all the time
—wonder if them's all the days in a
year—if there's any over I'll hev some
more Thanksgivin's. Guess I'll take
suthin'. Hullo, what's that? Shoot-
in' cannons, eh?—(Here a clap of
thunder 'yanked' things generally.)
Shootin' for some hollerday—thank-
givin', I s'pect. Hoop-ee! Got a
cannern here myself; I'll just load 'er
and shute a saloote. Hooray!" Here
Tightly tried to load the small end of
a wagon-tongue, with his jug, using
big foot for a rammer. Presently
smashed, and he desisted.—"Hullo,
bail busted, and powder wet—can't
shute—never mind—come up't the
bar and take a drink—'t'z all rite boys!"
And he got up to the frame where cus-
tomers hitch their horses, and ordered
"a fly with a lemonade in it." The
last we saw of him he was tug-
ging at one of the pegs of the rack,
trying to pull the cork out. There
was nothing out of the way in this,
for the last words we heard him ar-
tulate were, "'t'z all (hie) rite boys."

Old man (Affectionately).
"My son, why do you chew that
tobacco?" Precious young! except in
"To get the juice out o'

Mrs. Partington on Crinolines.

"Well, what on earth are you do-
ing now?" said Mrs. Partington with
a tone of anxiety in her voice, and a
large spoon in her hand, as Lion rushed
into the kitchen, followed by Ike.
The dog was almost covered up with
a thick, coarse coffee bag, and, in per-
fect sympathy with Ike, who was
laughing tremendously, he wagged
his candulity as if he liked the fun.—
"What on earth are you doing now?"
was the question that called for an
answer; and Lion looked up into the
old lady's face with his mouth open
and his eyes glistening, as much as to
say, "Look at me, Mistress P., for I
am all dressed up, you see." But he
didn't say anything. "That's a crin-
oline, aunt," said Ike, "don't you think
its very overcoming?" "Yes, I de-
clare," said she, "I think it comes
over him a good deal, but you had
better take it off, for it makes him
look ridiculous." "It's all the fash-
ion," said Ike. "All the fiddlesticks!"
replied she; "and how should I look
in the fashion, all hooped up like a
wash-tub? Shouldn't I look well?—
No, dear, no. I don't want to pre-
tend to be more than I really am; and
if I haven't been so unanimous as
some, I don't want to cast no reflec-
tions on heaven for not making me
larger, by rigging on artificial sup-
portations. It used to be the remark
of Elder Stick that every tub should
stand on its own bottom, and I want
to see folks just as they are. And
now what are you at?" cried she,
breaking off her subject shorter than
pie-crust, and well she might, for Li-
on was parading the floor in great
glee, with one of the dame's night-cap
on his head, tied snugly under the chin,
with great complacency. "Dear me,"
said she, dropping into a chair, "I am
afraid your predominance will not be
a good one, if you go on so; and little
boys who tease their aunts don't go to
heaven, by a great sight." She was
much subdued by this, and taking ad-
vantage of her momentary abstraction
and three doughnuts, he whistled
for Lion and went out to play.

Please read the following to the
man who stopped his *Dispatch* be-
cause he saw an article in it he did
not like:

"I pity the printer," said my uncle
Toby. "He's a poor creature," re-
joined Trim. "How so?" said my
uncle. "Because, in the first place,"
continued the corporal, "because he
must endeavor to please everybody.—
In the negligence of a moment, per-
haps a small paragraph pops upon
him; he hastily throws it to the com-
positor—it is inserted, and he is ruin-
ed to all intents and purposes." "Too
much the case, Trim," said my uncle,
with a deep sigh; "too much—the
case." "An' please your honor," con-
tinued Trim, elevating his voice, and
striking into an imposing attitude—
"an' please your honor, this is not the
whole." "Go on, Trim," said my
uncle, feelingly. "The printer some-
times hits upon a piece that pleases
him mightily, and he thinks it can't
but go down with his subscribers; but,
alas! sir, who can calculate the hu-
man mind? He inserts it, and it is
all over with him. They forgive oth-
ers but they cannot forgive a printer.
He has a host to print for, and every
one sets up for a critic. The pretty
miss exclaims—'Why don't he give
us more poetry, marriages and bon
mots?—away with these stale pieces.'
The politician claps his spees on his
nose, and runs it over in search of a
violent invective; he finds none; he
takes his spees off, folds them, sticks
them in his pocket, declaring the pa-
per good for nothing but to burn.—
So it goes. Every one thinks it ought
to be printed expressly for himself, as
he is a subscriber; and yet, after all
this complaining, would you believe
it sir," said the honest corporal, clas-
ping his hands beseechingly—"would
you believe it, sir, there are some sub-
scribers who do not hesitate to cheat
the printer out of his pay? Our army
swore terribly in Flanders, but they
never did anything as bad as that?"
"Never!" said my uncle Toby, em-
phatically.

At the late celebration in El-
lington, Conn., the following was the
13th regular toast:

"Woman—the lover of union and
the friend of annexation. Like our
country, her manifest destiny is to
spread her skirts."

The above toast was responded to
with nine cheers and a whoop!

Of the three thousand no-
Washington Territory, the following
are desirous of

Also a Large Quantity of Brick

Orders sent to the Zaleski Company, Vinton
Co., will meet with prompt attention.

From the New York Times.

Death of the Hon. John Y. Mason.

The telegraph starts us with the
news of the decease of the Hon. John
Y. Mason, our late Minister to France.
Mr. Mason was born in Virginia
about the year 1795. In 1816 he
graduated at the University of North
Carolina. He devoted himself to the
study of the law immediately after his
graduation, and rapidly attained dis-
tinction in his profession. For some
years he occupied the office of Judge
of the District Court of Virginia.—
Between the years 1831 and 1837 he
acted as the Representative of his na-
tive State in Congress. The promi-
nent part which he took in political
affairs, and the ability which he dis-
played, gained him a seat in Tyler's
Cabinet. He accepted the appoint-
ment of Secretary of the Navy, under
that President, on the 4th of March,
1844, and resigned the position on the
3rd of March, 1845. He was not,
however, permitted to remain long in
private life. President Polk assigned
him the position of Attorney-General
in his Cabinet. Mr. Mason occupied
this post but a short time. In 1846
he was transferred to the Navy De-
partment, with the duties of which his
previous experience rendered him
more familiar. He occupied this po-
sition with much credit during the
remainder of Mr. Polk's administration,
retiring to private life upon the in-
auguration of General Taylor.

Upon the accession of General
Pierce to office, General Mason was
selected for the French Mission, and at
once proceeded to Paris, where he has
remained without intermission from
that period. From time to time ru-
mors of impaired health, and of con-
sequent incapacity for business, have
reached this country, and it has occa-
sionally been stated, apparently on
authority, that he was to be removed,
in order to give room to some more
efficient and vigorous representative.

Something High-The Sentimental Swain's Letter.

The following letter was mailed
some time last week at Dayton, and
received at Tippecanoe; and is a gen-
uine article, copied verbatim from
the original:

Mr. G. S. I would be very much
pleased if you would stay up in your
own part of the country, I would thank
you to stay away from Anna S.—
and let some one else go that is nearer
her equals. She has treated me mean
but I can just thank you for it she has
a idea that you are the purest man
that ever was, and don't even look at
any body else. Beauty is all she
wants or rather her George but I think
I will put a stop to your going there,
there is others as good as you are, and
a d—d eight ritcher; that would be
pleased to go, but she says they will
do very well to talk to at picknicks
and church but she could not talk to
them at home, she says it don't pay to lose
sleep to talk to any body she don't like
I think for my part I would rather talk
to some young man than a little dried
up old Bachelor like you are, she is
to sweet for you and you had better
just give up without a fuss you are so
deceitful that you have got the whole
family to think that you are every
thing that need be but if some of the
rest of us gentlemen is not good
enough to go I think we will have you
to stop, if I am not good enough you
are not I think you are not quite as
good as I am if I do tell it myself I
would have a house to take her to and
that is something you have not or ev-
er will, I told her what I thought about
it, but there it is, you are purty and
that is all she will say. I. W. is
worth two of you, but he is not purty
enough to wait on her, he will do to
talk to at picknicks, I think you are
perfect jack ass to take the only girl
that is worth a cent just because you
are good looking I say you are a d—
rascal. I guess she will tell you who
wrote this letter but I don't care I am
not afraid of her or you either I can
whip you both if you are purty. She
is my sweet Anna.

Cord and Henry.—The editor of
the Marion (Ohio) *Mirror* tells the
community around about where he
domiciles, that he is in immediate
need of 200,000 cords of wood, and
300,000 bushels of potatoes, "with a
right mart-sprinkling of wheat, oats,
garden-sass, such as onions, turnips,
squashes, beets, pumpkins, beans, to-
gether with a quantity of barn-yard
sass, such as hen, hog, fruit, turkey,
geese, &c." His name is printed
blunder—evidently a typographical
blunder; it should be—*W. J. Miller &
Co., Memphis, Tenn.*

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works
admirably. I think the stitch an work far su-
perior to that of any sewing machine I ever saw.
On the work I think the machine would be hard
to beat.—*W. J. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I find the Machine easily managed, & it
durable, and take pleasure in recommending it
to all who wish convenience, economy and suc-
cess."—*Mr. F. T. Tipton, Memphis, Tenn.*